

Nightmare

Big Boogie

I don't want the 'Wood
Yeah
(RedDead, I'm so fuckin' bumpin', bruh)
Yeah, fuck yeah
Yeah (Yung Swerve)

CMG the label, bitch, this shit understood
Bitch, I got the flow that you can't step on, this my rug
Thigh pads, pockets [?], it's a pudge
Bitch, I got the street, rappers, they hate it, wish they could
It ain't my fault that I'm just successful from the mud
JLO for life, she fuck me up, I'm takin' drugs
They gon' hate, let 'em talk, think I give a fuck?
Yeah, they talk a lot, but on my life, I don't get touched
V.I.P., block this off, they gon' move over
Backwood, hella smoke, that that new odor
Backshots, legs shakin', hit that move on her
Atlanta vibes, no more Memphis, had to move on 'em
Dancin' [?] high as [?], hit that groove on 'em
Walk up smooth on 'em, thirty put that pool on 'em
JuJu my lil' fufu, shh, he be glued on 'em
Opps' baby mamas open, put lil' dude on 'em
Thick broad, Scatpack in my bitch yard
Bank account and micro Dracos make my dick hard
Pick up backend, knock her back in, swipe a Visa card
Finesse that bitch, I'm outta here, she good, money fraud
[?] strictly family, ain't no homeboys
.308 knock buildings down, it shoot long boys
How can you diss me, make it nowhere? You too grown for it
They hate on Boogie for no reason, they be wrong for it
We on one accord, never switch up on your boys
Either we family or we not, ain't no back and forth
I got a bitch, she from Jamaica, and she a Capricorn
This bitch hella foreign, pull up on me, hella foreign

One, two, Boogie comin' for you
Three, four, Draco knockin' at your door
Five, six, shootout, better not drop your stick
Seven, eight, we gon' knock your mouth straight
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